

HOLINESS TO THE ROAD.

Cliff Edward

Vol. XXXV. No. 21.

NOVEMBER 1, 1900.

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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GEORGE O.
CANNON
EDITOR

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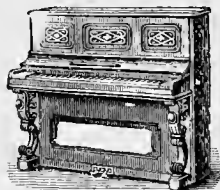
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APOSTLE ANTHON H. LUND.

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



VOL. XXXV.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 1, 1900.

No. 21.

LIVES OF OUR LEADERS—THE APOSTLES.

ANTHON H. LUND.

A THOUGHTFUL student of Bible and ecclesiastical history can hardly fail to notice what seems to be a general rule in the Kingdom of God, that those who are destined to perform a special work in that kingdom—those whose place is in the foremost ranks in the advancing hosts of victorious Israel, are from the earliest years of their earthly existence led and fostered by the hand of Providence, with that special mission in view.

The rule is well illustrated in the histories of Moses, Joshua, David, Daniel, Samuel, Ezra, John the Baptist, Paul, Timothy, and many other familiar Bible characters. It is suggested by the lives of Polycarp, Augustine, Luther, Knox, Bunyan and a host of others, prominent in the history of the religious movements of the world. And it appears no less in the biographies of the martyred Seer of this preparatory dispensation, and his successors, the Prophets and Apostles of the Church of the living God. Of all of them it can be said, that they came into the world through a righteous lineage. Their characters were formed from the very beginning of their existence. Many of them had saintly mothers, to whose devoted love they can trace the course given to their lives, and they were in the words of the royal sage led to "remember their Creator in their youth." The subject of this

brief sketch presents another illustration of this general rule in the kingdom of heaven.

Anthon Henrik Lund, the subject of this sketch, was born in Aalborg, Denmark, May 15, 1844.

When he was three years and a half old his mother was taken seriously sick. The visit of the doctor, the subdued talking, and the anxiety he saw on the faces around him impressed him deeply. He even remembers what a dismal, rainy day it was. Next he remembers seeing his beautiful mother lying in her coffin. These two occasions are indelibly stamped on his memory. In the fall of 1847 his father was drafted into the Danish army and sent to Schleswig, where an insurrection was threatening. In 1848 Schleswig and Holstein revolted and with the aid of Prussia and Germany waged a sanguinary war for three years. During this struggle, Denmark needed all her patriotic sons, and his father served with distinction through the whole war, and did not return until the boy was seven years old. It was a beautiful day when the victorious army returned; and standing near a triumphal arch, having hold of his grandmother's hand, the boy watched the soldiers marching under it. At last his grandmother pointed out the smiling face of his father marching with his musket on his

shoulder. A few hours later he was folded in his father's arms. This was a happy day to the boy. Shortly after his father moved away some thirty-five miles and he was left with his grandmother, who proved a tender, loving mother to him, and he became very much attached to her; and when his father a couple of years later wanted to take the boy with him home, he pleaded to be left with his grandmother. She bestowed upon him a mother's love and devotion. She was the soul of honor, and though her own children thought her discipline had been rather strict, Brother Lund only remembers how tenderly she cared for him.

At the early age of four years Anthon Lund was sent to a private school, where he mastered the first elements of reading, writing, arithmetic, etc., and when seven years old he entered the public schools of the city of Aalborg. His industry as a student and his aptitude for learning are shown in the fact that he rapidly advanced from one grade to another, passing entirely over the second grade. And while preparing himself for graduation in the course of study given in the school, he took besides private lessons in English, and also studied German and French. At the age of eleven years, he held the first place in the school. Already at this early age Brother Lund had an irresistible desire to study the word of God. In his grandmother's house was a Bible belonging to his uncle, which his uncle had forbidden him to touch for fear he should soil or otherwise deface the precious volume. But his grandmother often asked him to read some of its chapters to her. This filled him with an ardent desire to read the whole book, and encouraged in this by his grandmother, he commenced at the beginning and made himself familiar with the main events narrated in that sacred volume. One day in Lent when the streets were filled with people looking at the Lent procession, he thought: What a delightful day I can have reading the Bible! He imagined that his uncle would be among the sight-seeing

multitude. He had settled himself down on his favorite place with the Bible open, reading the fascinating history of Israel under the kings, when he heard a step on the stairs; the door opened, and there stood his uncle before him. He asked his uncle to excuse his having taken the Bible without permission. His uncle answered: «I am delighted, my boy, to find you thus employed on a day like this. Read it as much as you like.» As he was only in his eighth year, his uncle was surprised to find how much he had read, and how well he had grasped the meaning. Brother Lund says those early readings have been a great help to him, as they fastened the thread of the Bible narrative securely upon his mind. Not having brothers or sisters he was left to himself much of the time, and books became his company. He read all the books he could get and all his pocket money was spent at the book-stores. He was then, as later, fond of visiting such places.

When, in the year 1850, Elder Erastus Snow arrived in Denmark, to open up the mission in the Scandinavian countries, one among the early converts was the uncle of Anthon Lund, Jens Anderson, at present a respected resident of Cedar City, Utah. His grandmother, too, accepted the Gospel just before his uncle emigrated and was baptized in 1853, when Anthon was nine years old. In this way he came in constant contact with Mormonism. In his grandmother's home he found an abundance of Mormon literature. He read this eagerly, and the Lord opened his heart and his understanding to believe and to comprehend the truths set forth. He soon became familiar with the history of the Church and its doctrines. Elder Anthon Lund says he can hardly remember a time when he was not convinced of the truth of the Gospel. From the first moment it was presented it appeared to him in comparison with common orthodoxy as the clearest daylight compared to the uncertain flare of the northern aurora. It became to him «the pearl of great price,» for

the possession of which he would gladly sacrifice everything.

Yet there was many a conflict in his young heart, before the step was taken which united him with the Church. Those who at that time identified themselves with the Church were generally ostracised socially, and often subjected to persecution, and some years elapsed before Anthon, though fully convinced of the truth of the Gospel, asked for baptism.

At that time there was a great deal of persecution of the Saints in Aalborg, and this spirit actuated even the schoolboys, and to such an extent that none of the Saints could send their children to the public schools. Brother Lund was the only one belonging to the Saints who attended the school. Sometimes the boys threatened to baptize him, and at other times they united in giving him a beating, but as a general thing he was a favorite with both his teachers and fellow-students. One of his father's younger brothers, about three years older than Anthon, was in the same class, and although he hated Mormonism, he would not allow anyone to abuse Brother Lund. Having tact enough never to complain against those who had persecuted him, and always ready to help the boys in their studies, he won them. Nearly every one in his class was two or three years his senior; still they did not envy him his promotion. To become «Dux» or first in the upper class, was the ambition of all the pupils. When the school met after the summer vacation, when Brother Lund was 11 years old, and all were anxious to know where their places would be, the class was unanimous in giving the first place to him, and would not allow him to take his old place. At the examination the bishop of the diocese was present and personally catechised Brother Lund. The answers surprised him, and he said to the whole school: «I have not heard a boy answer so well in any of the two hundred schools in my diocese.» All the teachers but one were proud of the praise bestowed on one of their

pupils. One, however, a bitter «Mormon-hater,» felt much chagrined. On several occasions he would slur the boy because of his belief. One day he said: «It is expected that the (Dux) of the school shall give a good example to the pupils. What a shame if they should imitate yours and become Mormons!» Brother Lund answered, «They would never regret it.»

The principal of the school was Brother Lund's best friend. When he learned that the boy acted on his own conviction he said: «I thought you were persuaded by others, but I see you are thoroughly convinced of the truth of Mormonism. Follow your honest convictions, my boy. I would not hinder you from obeying the dictates of your conscience.» Brother Lund loved this good man, and when he went back on his first mission he learned with regret that he had died a short time before.

He loved his relatives dearly, and, as they were opposed to Mormonism, they sought to keep him from joining the Church. They wanted him to take a collegiate course, which especially suited his inclinations; his teachers also urged him to take such a course. They did not know how great a temptation this was to the boy, but the Lord gave him strength to resist it, and His Spirit continually strove with him, reminding him of his duty. He was baptized on the 15th day of May, 1856, on the twelfth anniversary of his birth. Elder Julander, who died a short time ago at Monroe, performed the ordinance, and on the 18th of May he was confirmed by Elder Peter Madsen, now living in the Second Ward.

When Brother Lund joined the Church Elder C. D. Fjeldsted presided over Aalborg conference. Brother Fjeldsted's sermons made a deep impression on the young boy. His original, convincing and entertaining style was much admired. At the same time Bishop C. A. Madsen, of Gunnison, was pastor over Aalborg and several other conferences. His excellent wife, who was a highly educated lady, rendered the boy much assistance in his stud-

ies of English, and he became very much attached to Brother and Sister Madsen.

When Brother Lund was thirteen years old he was called to labor in the vineyard. His mission was to teach emigrating Saints English, to distribute tracts and help the Elders hold meetings. When giving his first report at the conference, Brother Fjeldsted lifted him upon a table, and thus he made his debut before an audience.

Besides his tracts he always carried a number of *Millennial Stars*, which he would read to the Saints, he being able to translate them into Danish nearly as fluently as if he were reading a Danish paper. The Saints were delighted to listen and were strengthened in their faith. A series of articles published in the *Millennial Star*, "Answers to Objections," was a great help to him in meeting the arguments of the ministers, who were then publishing in Danish the same falsehoods about the Mormons, which had flooded America and England. When he was first sent out some thought the Mormons were going daft in sending one so young. Such a remark was once reported to Brother Lund. He said: "Never mind, I will make that man my friend." He did so, for in the course of time the man who had spoken so slightly of him asked to be baptized and wanted Brother Lund to perform the ordinance. Brother Lund became well acquainted in the whole conference. He traveled without purse and scrip and, during the four years and a half he labored as a missionary, he does not remember having bought half a dozen meals. Friends were raised up to him on every hand, and men outside of the Church told him to let them know what he needed and they would furnish him the money, and they did so. One day while he was out tracting, he visited a large mill-owner, whom he found in his library with another gentleman. After spending an hour in answering their questions, the man of the house said: "It is too bad that you are a Mormon. If you will study theology at the university in Copenhagen and be-

come a Lutheran minister I will pay the expenses and I will make you my heir." Brother Lund answered, "I have no doubt you are a rich man, but you have not money enough to buy my allegiance to the Church of God." The answer seemed to please both the gentlemen. Brother Lund has wondered since whether the man meant what he said or not. He believed at the time that he was in earnest, but it was no temptation to him. He felt he had found the pearl of great price.

His experiences in the mission field have been varied and interesting. Once he had promised to meet at a certain place to help hold a meeting. To reach this place he walked some ten miles facing a heavy snow storm. When he arrived at the house he found the house full of people, but the Elders had not come. He sat down among the people and heard them say: "The Mormons have fooled us today." When the time was up and he saw no one else would be there, he arose and asked the people kindly to give him their attention. How astonished the people looked at the boy! But they were so still that you could hear a pin drop. After the meeting every one present came and shook hands with him and thanked him. Several present have since joined the Church and emigrated to Zion.

It was not often Brother Lund was molested. Even in places where other Elders had suffered persecution he succeeded in making friends. Sometimes, however, he also tasted the opposite. On one occasion, when he was out inviting people to a meeting in the evening, he came into a house and informed a woman he met that there would be a meeting in the evening, and invited her to attend.

"What kind of a meeting?" she asked.

"A Mormon meeting," he replied.

There came a change over her face instantly and she became a perfect fury. She grabbed her fire-tongs and screamed, "I will give you Mormon meeting," and flew at him.

He thought discretion the better part of valor, and ran out of the house, but the woman followed and in her highest

key called on her husband to shoot the Mormon. She made such a disturbance that the neighbors came running to see what was the matter.

Years afterwards when Brother Lund had charge of the Ephraim Co-op a lady came into the store, and said to him, «You do not know me, but I have seen you once. Do you remember a woman who ran after you with a pair of fire-tongs?»

«Yes,» he answered, «but you are not that woman, for her face I have never forgotten.»

«No,» she said, «I was her neighbor, and seeing her running after you, I asked her what you had done. She said that you had invited her to a Mormon meeting. I became curious to learn something about the Mormons and went to the meeting. I heard you speak and was convinced of the truth.»

The Lord turned the wrath of an enemy to further His purposes.

Brother Lund had on one occasion obtained permission to hold a meeting in a town where it had hitherto been impossible to make an opening. The meeting was appointed for the next Sunday, and in company with a couple of Elders Brother Lund went there. On entering the town they were warned not to go to the meeting as the mob would disturb the meeting, and they had given the blacksmith, the bully of several parishes, all the liquor he would drink in order to get him to pound the Mormon Elders. They thanked their informant, but said they must honor their appointment. They found the house full of people and great numbers outside that could not get in. The meeting was opened, and in stalked the blacksmith. Brother Lund says when he saw him, he thought he was a very Polyphemus. He had only one eye, a sinister look, and fists like sledge hammers. They prayed earnestly that God would overrule the plans of the wicked. The advent of the blacksmith was the signal for disturbing the meeting, and some commenced calling the Elders liars, etc. The blacksmith rose to his feet when he heard the interruptions, and slowly eying the audi-

ence he said: «I want you all to understand that these are men of God, and they speak His word pure and simple. If any one again interrupt them he shall feel the weight of this,» showing his large fist. The crowd did not know what this meant; he had drank their liquor and promised to thrash the Elders; he must be joking. A loud-mouthed fellow commenced again calling the Elders opprobrious names, when the blacksmith elbowed his way through the dense crowd, and taking hold of the disturber he threw him out of the door. This settled it. For two hours the Elders preached to the congregation, and the one-eyed giant stood guard as a policeman; but as soon as the meeting was dismissed, he seemed to realize that he was on the wrong side and he commenced to be ugly and wanted to quarrel with the brethren, but they got away as quickly as possible. Brother Lund was the last to leave and he heard those behind say to those in front of him, «Give him a diff,» but Brother Lund nodded politely to the crowd as he passed through and got away unhurt. Some of those present have since come to Utah and have informed Brother Lund that even the man who opened his house for the meeting was in the conspiracy against the Elders. The Elders felt that their prayers were heard in an almost miraculous manner.

Brother Lund often found that his youth was the means of gaining sympathy for him, and a hearing which was denied others, and the Lord blessed his efforts with many fruits.

At the age of sixteen he was ordained an Elder and appointed president of the Aalborg branch, and traveling Elder in five other branches. This was at the time quite a responsible position, the branch being large and requiring constant care.

Elder Lund continued his missionary labors until the year 1862, when, at the age of eighteen, he emigrated to Utah. He left Hamburg on the *Benjamin Franklin*. While lying in that city measles came aboard and made fearful ravages amongst the children. There was no doctor on board, and the captain

would deliver the medicines and wine for the sick only on an order from a physician. Bishop C. A. Madsen laid the matter before the Saints, and they voted to appoint Brother Lund to be the physician of the company. He received the medicine chest and with it a book treating on common diseases and their cures. This he studied diligently and performed his duties so well that he gained the confidence of both the crew and the passengers. Brother Lund was always in demand. At times he had to hide so as to get the much-needed rest and sleep. This was rather remarkable for a doctor that had been given his diploma by popular vote instead of by a medical faculty.

Four ships left Denmark in the beginning of that year with emigrating Saints. These all met at Florence, whence some continued the journey in the conveyances furnished by the Utah Saints. The others were organized into two independent companies, one under the leadership of Bishop C. A. Madsen, and one under the care of Patriarch O. N. Liljenquist. Brother Lund traveled over the plains in Bishop Madsen's company. This, according to the journal of the late Elder Weibye, consisted of 214 persons. They had 40 wagons, 14 horses, 174 oxen, 99 cows, 37 heifers, 7 calves, 6 dogs, and 10 chickens. They also brought with them 22 tents, 32 kitchen stoves, 5 revolvers and 37 rifles. Thus equipped the company started from Florence, after having remained there for seven weeks. The route was via Elkhorn River, Loup Fork, Wood River, Willow Lake, Rattlesnake Creek, Fort Laramie, Upper Platte Bridge, Devil's Gate, South Pass and Green River, and the travelers arrived in Salt Lake City on the 23rd day of September, 1862. The overland travel had lasted 71 days. It had been an exceptionally pleasant journey. The Saints had found good camping places with an abundance of grass and water. Some had walked the entire distance, and very often the men had carried the women and the children across the rivers, but

there were no accidents, and a good spirit prevailed. The *Deseret News* of the 24th of September, 1862, says the health of the arrived immigrants was excellent, and the animals were in good condition. They only lost seven or eight animals on the road, and the only accident that happened was the breaking of a wagon tongue, near the end of the journey. The hand of Providence was over Brother Lund, and with the rest of his fellow-travelers he arrived in Salt Lake City, rejoicing at having reached in safety the goal of the long journey over sea and land.

Elder Anthon H. Lund's life since his arrival in the valleys of the mountains has been one of continual activity and usefulness. He has filled numerous positions of trust both in the Church and State.

He first located at Fairview, Sanpete County, but three months later moved to Mt. Pleasant. Here he remained till the fall of 1870. His first employment in Utah was at farm labor, digging potatoes, working on the threshing machines, etc., as long as such work could be had, and then he got employment in a harness shop and afterwards in a shoe shop. He was never idle a day. Brother John Barton offered him a home in his family and engaged him to teach his children in the evenings. He was treated by those excellent people as if he were one of the family.

To Brother Lund, as to so many others who have come to Utah, the first impressions and experiences of the new country were rather discouraging. He missed his books perhaps more than anything else. An old handbook in astronomy, without maps, which he happened to find, became one of his literary treasures. He studied it and drew his own maps, using the hearthstone for a table, and was able to locate the constellations of the stars and trace the planets. Thus passed his first winter in Utah. He felt that this was the land of Zion, the place to which God had led him, and his heart swelled with sentiments of joy and gratitude.

In 1864 he was called to go as a teamster

to the Missouri River, to bring back some immigrating Saints. He performed this mission faithfully.

When President Brigham Young called a number of young men to come to Salt Lake City to learn telegraphy, Elder Lund was selected as one of them. During his stay in the city at this time he became acquainted with Elder John Henry Smith and others, with whom he later has been intimately associated in ecclesiastical work.

Having learned telegraphy, he returned to Mt. Pleasant and kept the telegraph office there. He also had a photograph gallery. And when the first co-operative institution was started in that city, he was appointed its secretary. He was also elected a member of the city council. But notwithstanding these varied duties, he found time to devote to the Church. In 1865 he helped to start the first Sunday School in the city where he lived, and achieved great success in this labor of love.

He remained in Mt. Pleasant until the fall of 1870, when he moved to Ephraim. In the same year he married Sister Sarah Ann Peterson, a daughter of Stake President Canute Peterson. The issue of this happy union is nine children, of whom seven are still living.

Most of the faithful Elders of Israel have at some time or another the privilege of going out among the nations of the earth as messengers of life and salvation. Elder Lund was called, in the year 1871, to perform his first foreign mission, since his arrival in Utah. He was sent to Denmark in company with Elder Canute Peterson. The latter was appointed president of the Scandinavian mission, and Elder Lund became the business manager of the central office, in Copenhagen.

On his return to Ephraim he became interested in the co-operative store of that place, and the next year he was placed in charge of that institution. He held this position for nine years, and it is generally

conceded that it was, during this time, one of the most successful in the county.

In 1874 he was appointed a member of the High Council in Sanpete, and when the stake was organized, in 1877, he became stake clerk and a member of the new High Council. In 1878 he became superintendent of the Sunday School in Ephraim, a labor which he much enjoyed.

In 1883 he was called to fill another mission to Scandinavia. He succeeded Elder C. D. Fjeldsted as president of the mission, and was absent from home two years and three months.

During his absence he was elected a member of the Legislature of the Territory of Utah, and he took his seat in that body on his arrival home. In 1888 he was re-elected. The Ogden Reform School and the Agricultural College at Logan are lasting monuments of his untiring work in the legislative assembly of Utah, as well as of his wisdom and solicitude for the welfare of the people.

In May, 1888, he was appointed vice president of the Manti Temple, assisting President Daniel H. Wells, and in 1891 he succeeded Brother Wells in the presidency. At the organization of the General Church Board of Education he became a member of that board.

At the October conference, 1889, he was called to the high office of an Apostle in the Church of Jesus Christ, and in 1893 he was sent to Liverpool, to preside over the European mission. He was gone more than three years, and his administration was marked with much success. His linguistic ability was a great help to him in the performance of his duties, while traveling in the various conferences.

At the demise of Apostle Abraham H. Cannon, Elder Lund was appointed director of the Z. C. M. I. and, some years before, of the Zion's Savings Bank.

In 1897 he was called to a mission to Palestine and Syria, to organize the Saints there into branches; and to look after their wel-

fare generally. He returned in the summer of 1898.

In the fall of that year he moved to Salt Lake City, where he now resides. Since then he has continued his labors as an Apostle, in the various stakes of Zion. Since April, 1900, he has also been the superintendent of the Religion classes, and in August last, he succeeded President Franklin D. Richards in the important office of Church Historian.

This, certainly, is a most remarkable career, and the key to it should be of value to the readers of this brief sketch. The writer once having the privilege of an intimate conversation with Brother Lund, asked him, "What has been the leading principle by which your life has been guided?" To which he replied, after a moment of deep thought: "I have always endeavored to find out what is right, and then to do it."

That tells all. No one guided by that principle can fail in life. The Son of God Himself attained glory and power and dominion because He yielded faithful obedience to the will of His Father in Heaven.

A striking feature of Brother Lund's character is his tendency to religious thought and meditation, which almost reminds one of the best representatives of the Pietistic school which during the last century had so much influence upon Lutheran Protestantism; it should be added, though, that his practical training during a life rich in experiences, has preserved him from the errors of mysticism, which under different circumstances might have been difficult to avoid. In his public speaking it is easy to perceive that his

thoughts center round the great themes of the Gospel: the Redeemer, in His two-fold character of Priest, atoning for the sins of the world; and King, coming to rule and to restore all things. As a teacher in Israel he evidently at all times endeavors to magnify his calling of an Apostle and witness for the Lord Jesus Christ. It follows, that in the daily events of life he readily acknowledges the hand of the Lord in all things. Through a varied experience he has obtained a firm faith in the promises of God to hear and to answer prayers, and this is a source of strength to him, which never fails.

It is no wonder that Brother Lund is much respected and loved by all who know him, or that the feelings of regard grow stronger, as the acquaintance with him becomes more intimate. Few men go through life without enemies, but Brother Lund appears to be one of the few. He is very much like the late President Wilford Woodruff in this respect, of whom it was said that even his antagonists loved him. The regard in which he is held by his associates in the Council of Apostles was very well expressed by Elder Heber J. Grant when in a meeting of Scandinavian Saints in this city, not long ago, he said: "Erastus Snow was my ideal of an Apostle of the Lord, and Brother Snow's mantle has, in my opinion, fallen upon Elder Anthon H. Lund."

It would be impossible, even in a lengthy treatise, to give a more striking tribute to the genuine worth of the successor of him who has been called the Apostle of Scandinavia.

J. M. Sjodahl.



ON A MEXICAN RANCH.

From a Member of the Brigham Young Academy South American Exploring Expedition.

LAST Saturday afternoon as we were descending a southern slope of the Sierra Madre we came to a barbed wire fence. We had not seen a sign of human habitation since the Tuesday previous; we were wet and chilled from a heavy rain and we hailed with delight the sign that a hacienda could not be far off. We traveled

of an American boss. Here we learned that we were on the famous Hearst ranch that contains about 1,500,000 acres, supports over 50,000 head of cattle and employs 500 hands.

The ranch has four principal divisions, each facing the south and occupying a terrace in the mountain slope. First comes Babicora with an elevation of 6,700 feet. The night that we spent there was extremely cold for September, the thermometer falling to 30° and ice forming in our buckets. Next below Babicora comes El Toro, with an elevation of 6,400 feet. Vegetables do well here, and the canyon breezes keep off the frosts so that fruit trees might be profitably planted. Then comes Sant' Anna, where I am writing this article, with an elevation of 5,800 feet, and lastly Providencia that is a trifle lower.

At the hay camp the foreman gave us a large piece of beef, the first beef that some of us had tasted in many weeks and it was very much appreciated. After supper the Mexican laborers gathered about our camp fire and played on the harmonica and sang songs. They are a people as music-loving as the negroes of the south, and, if anything, they are even more densely ignorant. Very few whom we meet can read or write, and, as a rule, they have not the slightest desire for an education. If they had any ambition they would not be content to work for their present wages, less than twenty-five cents a day, American money. But it would be all the same to them were the sum \$25, it would be spent or gambled away, almost before it was earned.

These laborers rise before daybreak, take a cup of coffee and then go to the field. The boss accompanies them. He seems very harsh in his exercise of authority, but this is claimed to be necessary, as the peon will not work unless he is closely watched and driven to it. About 9 o'clock breakfast is served and there



CANON IN THE SIERRA MADRE.

until sundown and pitched camp for Sunday, but no house appeared, nor did we meet any man to direct us on our way. On Monday we crossed the back-bone of the mountains and came out upon a beautiful level plain where the grass was waving knee-deep to the horses. Still no cheerful chimney smoke greeted us. Tuesday morning we still held to our southern course, and, though the mountains to the north receded, the mountains to the south did not seem to approach any nearer. It seemed as though Utah Valley could be entirely lost in the great plain. About 2 p. m. we met a Mexican who informed us that we were yet ten miles from the ranch house at Babicora. We did not travel that distance but pitched our tents three miles distant where a number of Mexicans were cutting hay under the supervision

are two light meals before supper, which is the hearty meal of the day and comes about sundown. The Mexicans are very light eaters. A hearty American could not live for two days on what will suffice a Mexican a week. The lack of food is compensated for by the excessive use of coffee and cigarettes. So we find the men uniformly thin, nervous, irritable and short-lived. It is a rare thing to find a native of the lower class who has reached the limit of three score years, even more rare than it is to find an octogenarian in Utah.

On Wednesday we drove from the hay camp to the hacienda at Babicora. A great part of the three-mile ride was through a waving cornfield, where the growth was as luxuriant as on the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska. At the house we were treated to all the milk we could drink, thanks to Mr. Dent, the genial manager. The house was on

adobe house was being remodeled. Narrow windows were being enlarged and an ornamental stone arch was being constructed in place of the old square door. It was indeed the blending of the old with the new. Here



PRIMITIVE MEXICAN CART.



THE HACIENDA OF BABICORA.

the regular Mexican plan—fortress without, corral within. It might have been built last year or a century ago. One can tell nothing about the age of a Mexican house. After they are built, they all look alike. In the yard was an old solid-wheel Mexican cart and a primitive corn mill. Close beside the newest patent in the windmill line and a modern buggy stood in marked contrast with the impedimenta of a bygone age. Near by an old

too was a well-equipped blacksmith shop where, strange to say, the smith was a full-blood Yaqui. We were told that in any position where mechanical skill is required, in any place of trust, where a white man cannot be secured an Indian is always preferred to a Mexican. Indians are uniformly more honest and capable.

During this afternoon we gradually climbed until the 7,000 foot level was passed and then, just at twilight, we suddenly dropped into a picturesque canyon and down to El Toro. We found no white people at this place, but the Mexicans were very hospitable and gave us all the cabbage, corn, chili, potatoes and milk that we could use. So we came on to Sant' Anna where a thunder shower is holding me at the present time.

The presiding genius at Sant' Anna is Mr. Warren, who has charge of the cattle interests of this great ranch. After working for years among stock in Texas, Montana and California he has never seen a range like this. If there was only good society for his wife and a school for his children he would be con-

tent to spend the remainder of his days here. He told me that yesterday he branded 2,200 calves, which shows something of the magnitude of the stock industry here. The steers are twice a year trailed to Deming from which point they are shipped to California and there marketed. The graded Durham and Hereford stock is in marked contrast with the scrubby cattle on the adjacent ranges. The Mexicans seem to take no pride either in improving their ranches or their stock.

The ranch next to Sant' Anna is owned by a very wealthy Mexican. When war was declared between America and Spain he sent \$50,000 to Havana to help the Spanish cause. The vessel that carried the coin was captured by an American man-of-war and he still laments the fact that the "gringos" have so much of his wealth. This man inherited his tens of thousands of acres and his thousands of cattle from his forefathers. What was good enough for them is good enough for him. Steers, sheep and hogs range together and in many places his pastures are as bare as a floor. He wonders why the American's live-stock is fat while his is only good for crow bait. Two years ago was an exceedingly dry winter and over 1,000 cattle died on the

Sant' Anna range. Wells were sunk, wind-mills erected and last winter only thirty head perished. There was no such decrease in ratio in the Mexican's cattle, and he rightly ascribed the good luck of the Hearst ranch to wells and windmills. So he requested Mr. Warren to put up a windmill on the line between the ranches, promising to bear half the expense. But partnership windmills did not promise to be very profitable in a land where cattle stealing is as prevalent as it is here and the request could not be complied with. Mr. Mexican is still studying as to whether he shall foster such an innovation at his own expense, while all summer his cattle have been dying by the scores. Strange, isn't it, how blind some people are to their own interests, and yet it takes years to overcome the prejudices of centuries!

Tomorrow we expect to leave this mammoth ranch and our route will then be south-westward across the mountains of Jesus Maria to the headwaters of the Rio Maya and down that stream to the land of the orange and banana, of never-ending spring, and there we hope to be in about two weeks.

W. M. W.

Sant' Anna Ranch, Chihuahua.



THE BABY'S SERMON.

I'M tummin' Unka Timon. Mamma and Damma tummin' too, but I want to sit up in front wive you and Dampa and drive. Help me up, please," said baby Ralph as he toddled down the path to the buggy, where sat Uncle Simon Wheeler awaiting those who were to accompany him to Greenville, the nearest settlement.

Uncle Simon was a servant of God, who devoted his whole time to the Church, and for many years labored exclusively collecting

funds for the building of temples. It was to him a labor of love. His whole heart and soul were in his work, and therefore he labored faithfully, and the spirit of the Lord went with him to open the hearts of the people, with the result that invariably their offerings were liberal, and given with good will. His mission called him frequently through the southern counties of the State, and it is of one such tour that I now write.

In compliance with the child's request, he

helped the little fellow to the seat beside him, gave him the reins, and then laughed to see with what importance he held the lines in his chubby hands, and ordered the horses to «whoa!»

And as the uncle looked upon the sunny curls, and into those great brown eyes so full of sweetness and innocence he thought, «What a bright, beautiful little fellow he is! If only the good Lord will keep him pure and unsullied from the sins of the world, what a noble man he may become!»

His musing was interrupted by the rest of the company entering the vehicle; and with a crack of the whip from the baby hands, they were soon rolling over the smooth road toward the little village when Uncle Simon was to preach.

Word had been sent ahead that Brother Wheeler would be there, and accordingly the town meetinghouse was packed to overflowing, for a great spiritual treat was always anticipated when Brother Wheeler was announced. His sermons were forcible and full of spirit, and savored of sufficient wit to render them extremely interesting, though oftentimes they continued far beyond the usual hour of closing.

At length the services were ended, and the good people crowded to the stand to contribute their «mite» to the worthy cause, and bid «God speed» to the faithful servant.

In jubilant spirits Uncle Simon took his place in the buggy again to return to «head-quarters» at B——, and as he placed the heavy satchel beside him he said: «We have reaped a bounteous harvest to the Lord, and those good people shall never feel the loss of one cent of it, for their stores shall be redoubled.» And as he talked on of the goodness of the Lord, he unconsciously thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a square of some brown substance, bit off a piece, and replaced the remainder.

This act in him was so familiar to his older companions that it had passed unnoticed, save for the quick wit of the little fellow at

his side, who looked up with those brown eyes filled with wonder and questioned: «What you eating, Unka Timon?»

«Tobacco,» replied the other with a short laugh.

The lovely eyes dropped suddenly as though the very word bore an offensive odor; but, too inquisitive to remain long quiet, the child asked, «Would horses eat it?»

«No!» returned the uncle, still amused.

«Pigs wouldn't eat it either, would they?» persisted the little fellow, half with decision, half query.

«No, indeed!»

«It's nasty then, and I wouldn't eat it!» exclaimed the child emphatically.

The mother tried to quiet her unruly son, but the uncle said, with a touch of conscience: «Chide not the child for speaking truth;» and so the little fellow prattled on until they reached the grandparents' door, when he trotted into the house, and straight for the great brown jar behind the pantry door, saying: «Dot any doughnuts, Damma?» And as he emerged with a rich brown cake, such as only Grandma could make, in each little dimpled fist, holding one up to Uncle Simon, he said: «Have a doughnut, Unka Timon; it's better than hacco.»

The uncle forced a laugh as he took the cake, but within his heart there was a great struggle going on. He had been a sailor in his youth, a bold, rough, unpolished sailor, fond of his tobacco and his grog, but through some design of Providence, the Gospel reached his ears, penetrating the rough exterior to find a tender heart within—a heart craving a word of truth, and, receiving it, was ready to forsake the old reckless life and apply all its energy to a nobler cause. His evils he had struggled hard to overcome, but this one habit seemed to cling to him as the only relic of a former life, and so he clung to it.

Should someone chance to question such a fault in one of his position in the Church, there always seemed to be some good angel near to say: «Dear Brother Wheeler has sac-

rificed much for the Gospel, and surely the Good Father will overlook this one short-coming."

However he may have excused himself before, his peace of mind was now destroyed. Taking the babe upon his knee, he smoothed the sunny ringlets with trembling hand saying, "I've been a preacher these forty years and more; but you, my little man, have this day preached a better sermon than I in all my life have done."

That night within his room, sleep seemed to have taken wings and flown, and so he paced the floor until the dawn appeared. His mind recurred to scenes in his career, in which the hand of God had figured most conspicuously; of how, when faint from hunger and fatigue, he had told the Lord he could not beg, and, rising, found food and rest at hand. He remembered, too, that when disease was

in his household, he had prayed, and the Lord had brought his dying children back to life and health. Yet he had gone on deliberately breaking what he knew to be a commandment of that same God, thereby destroying his own health, and setting a bad example before the young. He saw it all now, and more—as with a groan akin to despair he repeated the words, "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children."

As by a flash, he realized how verily those words had been fulfilled, and a chill crept o'er him at the thought that his own little boys were already fast acquiring the evil habit of their father.

'Tis enough to say that Uncle Simon chewed no more tobacco, and in the few years he remained on earth, it was his delight to tell how a little child had caused his reformation.

Jessie Jay.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Maritime Discovery of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries—Its Meaning—Connection with Book of Mormon History.

POSSIBLY the date 1492 is as well known as any other in history. In this year Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, under the direction of the government of Spain discovered the New World. To understand the great significance of this, it will be necessary to take a brief glance at the condition of Europe at the time.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, 476 A. D., all Europe lapsed into a state of lethargy and wrong. One great and powerful church ruled the spiritual affairs of men. This was the Roman Catholic. My young readers will remember that it had its beginning as far back as the time of Christ; and its followers to this day claim that it was organ-

ized by the Messiah, and the keys of authority given over successively to each succeeding pope or head of the church. We will not discuss this question now: suffice it to say, we as Latter-day Saints believe that through the ignorance and degraded condition of the so-called Christian people of that day, the pure principles of our Lord and Savior were discarded, and the religion of men took their place. It was of this great church that Nephi of old speaks in the Book of Mormon where he says: "And it came to pass that I saw among the nations of the Gentiles the foundation of a great church. And the angel said unto me, Behold the foundation of a church, which is most abominable above all

other churches, which slayeth the saints of God, yea and tortureth them and bindeth them down and yoketh them with a yoke of iron, and bringeth them down into captivity. And it came to pass that I beheld this great and abominable church; and I saw the devil that he was the foundation of it. And I also saw gold, and silver, and silks, and scarlets, and fine-twined linen and all manner of precious clothing; and I saw many harlots. And the angel spake unto me, saying, Behold the gold, and the silver, and the silks, and the scarlets, and the fine-twined linen, and the precious clothing, and the harlots are the desires of this great and abominable church.»*

During the Middle Ages, the nations of England, France, Spain, and Germany were growing. They are clearly seen as world creations after the fall of Rome. Nephi speaks of these in the chapter already referred to: «And it came to pass that the angel spake unto me, saying, Look! And I looked and beheld many nations and kingdoms. * * * And he said unto me, These are the nations and kingdoms of the gentiles.»

Rome had given to the Middle Ages two main ideas. One was that there should be a world-monarchy to rule men politically; the other that there should and must be one world-religion and to it all men should conform. The emperor was to be at the head of things temporally; the pope to rule in all matters pertaining to spiritual affairs. Naturally here was to be a ground for great contention. Emperors opposed the idea of subserviency to the pope. The papacy considered itself as superior in power to the empirical rulers. So the Middle Ages record great contentions between the empire and the papacy for supremacy.†

* I Nephi 13: 4-8.

† I would refer my readers to Bryce's «Holy Roman Empire,» or Emerton's «Mediæval Europe» for a thorough description of this subject.

It would take many pages to describe thoroughly and to make clear the real meaning of the wars between those who were fighting for a supreme nation, and those fighting for a supreme church. God had given a religion of peace and love to His children. They were making of it a form most hideous, and the result was that the masses of Europe became more ignorant and more poverty-stricken every day, until the morning light of the Reformation broke in the sixteenth century.

Of course agriculture was the chief pursuit of the people when they were not engaged in war; but it was an agriculture of the crudest sort, for the peasantry simply lived from hand to mouth. War played such an important part during that thousand years, that some have estimated that three billion lives were lost in the name of religion and liberty. The rich were becoming richer; the poor becoming poorer, until hard, hard labor was crushing the life blood out of the masses. They did not know how to get the best results from a limited expenditure of energy. Man learns to do this only through civilizing influences. The man of the Middle Ages was low in his ideals and morals. His little piece of ground was his world, and all he knew was that a seed cast today upon the soil brought a crop in the future. Every day he worked. His plow was a heavy wooden stick, sharpened at one end and drawn by himself, or more happily by an ox. His clothes were made of coarse hemp, his shoes of wood or sometimes of coarse, heavy leather. He was «The Man with the Hoe:»

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face and on his back
the burden of the world.

Who made him dead to rapture and despair—
A thing that grieves not and never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?

Who loosened and let down his brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back his
brow?

Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?*

In those days people who did go from place to place generally walked or perchance rode a horse. But travel was infrequent. By sea, galleys went from port to port; and across the barren and heated sands of Asia came caravans bringing from far-off India and China silks and spices. Ordinary people did not do much thinking; but some few had retained the idea of the sphericity of the earth. As far back as the Greek Age of Reason, and the time of the philosopher Pythagoras, the idea that the earth is round was taught. The Greeks gave this thought to the Romans, the Romans in turn gave it over to the people of the Middle Ages, and reinforced by the learning of the Arabs of Spain, it was a clear and distinct teaching in the boyhood days of Columbus.

When Christopher Columbus began his work at the close of the fifteenth century, the great movement known as the Revival of Learning was spreading throughout Europe. There was a rising of a new spirit of liberty and humanity. Men were becoming conscious of their own rights as men. «A great revolution was taking place in church and state.» New institutions in Europe were rising. Printing had been invented; the mariner's compass was directing the seamen on their long journeys to the west and south. Martin Luther was soon to begin his mission as an apostle of a new mode of religious thought. So, great forces were at work at the close of the fifteenth century and at the beginning of the sixteenth to make man better, wiser, and safer throughout his life.

So Columbus was the product of a peculiar age of the world's history. He was a child

of the dawn of another day. The old order was changing, giving place to the new. The power of God was to be made manifest in directing His children to nobler ends and higher ambitions. His children had been wanderers long enough.*

In writing on the subject of Columbus, I wish to present the real character. No other name in modern history has been so overshadowed with fantastic tales and imaginary conceptions. As Latter-day Saints we believe he was directed by God. We find that he believed this himself. The Book of Mormon tells of his coming forth. Nephi saw him in his vision, for he says: «And I looked and beheld a man among the gentiles who was separated from the seed of my brethren by the many waters; and I beheld the Spirit of God, that it came down and wrought upon the man; and he went forth upon the many waters, even unto the seed of my brethren, who were in the promised land. And it came to pass that I beheld the Spirit of God, that it wrought upon other Gentiles, and they went forth out of captivity, upon the many waters.»†

Columbus was a Genoese, born about the year 1435. His father was no doubt a wool-

* Many readers could question my point of view here, as it is a customary way to study history only from an evolutionary point of view. According to this school of thought, God never deals in the affairs of men. Everything that happens is the clear result of some natural cause. That God deals in the affairs of men, and directs His children to better ends, is called by some historians the «Spasmodic» method of history. I think the words of Leibnitz, the great German philosopher, here will appeal to all of my readers. Says he: «God is the ground and the end of the world. * * * Since the laws of nature are only physically or conditionally necessary, i. e., have been enacted only because of their fitness for the purposes of God, they may be suspended in special cases when a higher end requires it.»

† 1 Nephi, 13: 12, 13.

* My readers will no doubt recognize that I quote Edwin Markham's poem, «The Man with the Hoe.» To me it is one of the greatest poems of the age, though by many critics it has been harshly criticized.

comber. Nothing is known concerning his mother. Attempts have been made to prove that he was of an illustrious Italian family, but of this we know little. Up to the time he was fifteen we are wholly ignorant of his life. Genoa at this time was a busy port, and to it came strangers and merchants from the different parts of Europe, Africa and Asia. The imagination of the young Genoese no doubt often took him over land and sea when he happened to spy a ship from some foreign clime sailing into the harbor. We know that when he was a youth he was on the Mediterranean, sometimes in the employ of his native city, sometimes for some merchant company. At thirty years of age Columbus is in Lisbon making a living by drawing maps and charts. While here he married a daughter of Perestello, a navigator in the employment of Prince Henry of Portugal.

That he was now a student of nature and a great thinker there can be no doubt. From many he had heard of the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth, and in this his mind was greatly influenced by a Florentine physician of his time named Toscanelli. But when Columbus was first inspired with this idea, no human tongue is able to tell. That it came as a light from the Master of all things there can be no doubt. When once he was ready to preach and herald his ideas, he was as sure of their truthfulness as we are of them today. Only one explanation makes the matter clear. He was the man «who should be called from among the gentiles to go forth upon the many waters.» To Portugal, then to Spain, he turned. The rulers of both these nations laughed to scorn his statements. The lethargy of the Middle Ages was not yet lifted.

At the convent of Rabido in the southern part of Spain, Columbus with his little son Diego stopped one day to ask for food and drink. The friar took him in, and to him Columbus made known his ideas and desires. The good friar Marchena was impressed and promised him his faith and prayers. Leav-

ing his son here among friends, Columbus made his way to Spanish court and laid his plans before Ferdinand and Isabella, king and queen of Spain. It is now that he was cited to appear before the great council of Salamanca.

This city was the seat of learning in Spain. Here the schoolmen and the educated monks came to discuss the great problems and questions of their day. Religion and science were closely associated at this time, and no new theory could be accepted unless the Bible itself could prove it. What a scene there must have been in the old convent at Salamanca when Columbus stood before the professors, friars and dignitaries of Spain ready to stand by his assertions and statements against all odds! It was the power of Heaven against the power of earth; light and love against frail human nature. He knew from the bottom of his heart that he was right, and this coupled with his natural genius gave him a look of majesty and dignity which must have awed his examiners.

The council is opened. Prayers are had, and those erudite men sit back to listen to the simple tale of a humble navigator. The story did not appeal to all. A few however opened their hearts to him. The rest were entrenched behind a narrow fortress of pedantic bigotry. «All subjects,» says Irving, «were still contemplated through the obscure medium of the dark ages when the lights of antiquity were trampled out and faith was left to take the place of inquiry.» Truth was standing before falsehood; the light of Heaven before the light of earth.

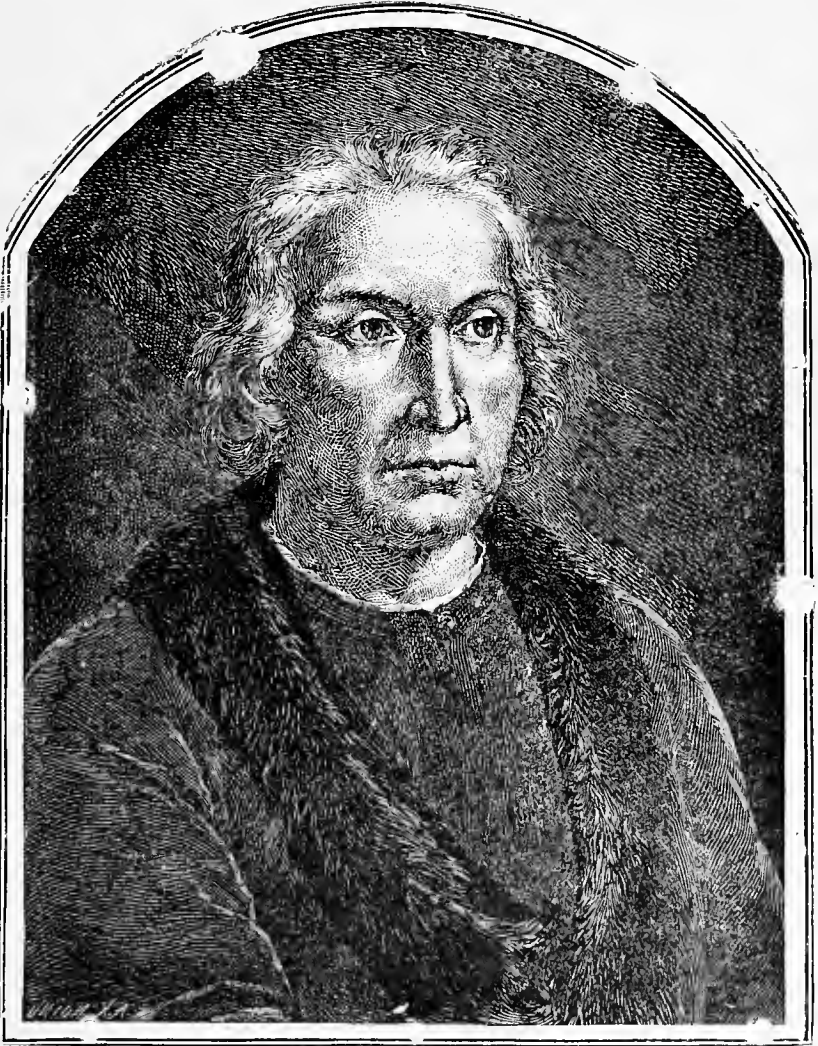
But the great council of learned men was too much for Columbus, and they denounced him as a misanthrope and dreamer. «His faith, however, was of the kind that removes mountains, for he was chosen of God to bear the tidings of salvation to millions of his fellow-men before the heavens should be rolled together as a scroll.» Columbus then applied to England and France, but before anything was done by either of these nations,

King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain had been convinced of the worth of the great scheme of the Genoese, and had promised him the desired help.

At an expense of some \$50,000, Columbus left Palos in southern Spain, August 3, 1492, and in the following October he came to the Bahama Islands. There are about three thousand isles in this group, and the one called San Salvador by Columbus is not known. Some say it was Cat Island.

We cannot go into detail here and tell of his journeyings and discoveries. The story has often been told. Every school boy and girl knows it. Suffice it to say, Columbus made four voyages in all, reaching the mainland of South America, and touching the Central American coast, besides discovering many islands. But it was an ungrateful nation to whom he had given so much, and in disgrace and poverty he died in the country that had sent him on his immortal errand. This was in 1507. His bones, as near as I can find out are buried in the old Catholic cathedral in Santo Domingo.

Now the question for us is: Has the work of Columbus been over-estimated? Many historians of note differ on this. Justin Winsor gives much of the credit of the discovery of America to Toscanelli, a celebrated Florentine astronomer, whose maps and writings no



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

doubt did much to help Columbus. Others believe he was not the real discoverer. Some prefer to give the honor to the Northmen, and in a recent report, I find that there is proof that a Portuguese navigator touched

at some part of the North American shore as early as 1487.

Personally, I believe that the honor belongs solely to Columbus. He was a man of his time, true, and was no doubt imbued with the selfish idea of gain as was every Spaniard and Italian. This does not detract from his bravery and courage. I think the following stanza speaks much:

What if wise men far back as Ptolemy
Judged that the earth like an apple was round;
None of them said, «Come along. Follow me,
Sail to the West and the East shall be found.»

The character of Columbus has been eloquently summed up by Washington Irving. Says he:

In him were singularly combined the practical and the poetical. His mind had grasped all kinds of knowledge, whether procured by observation or study, which bore upon his theories; impatient of the scanty aliment of his day; his impetuous ardor, as has been observed, threw him into the study of the fathers of the church, the Arabian Jews, and the ancient geographers, while his daring but irregular genius, bursting from the limits of imperfect science, bore him to conclusions far beyond the intellectual vision of his contemporaries. If some of his conclusions were erroneous, they were at least ingenious and splendid. And their error resulted from the clouds which still hung over his peculiar path of enterprise. His own discoveries enlightened the ignorance of the age, guided conjecture to certainty, and dispelled that very darkness with which he had been obliged to struggle. It has been said that mercenary views mingled with the ambition of Columbus, and that his stipulations with the Spanish court were selfish and avaricious. The charge is inconsiderate and unjust. He aimed at dignity and wealth in the same lofty spirit in which he sought renown; they were to be part and parcel of the achievement, and palpable evidence of its success; they were to arise from the territory he should discover, and be consummate in importance. No condition could be more just.

Columbus himself believed that he was called to carry the Gospel of Christ to the

far-off Indian people. He was a great student of the Bible, and he believed that the human family was to be brought under the saving influence of the Catholic church. He looked upon himself as the Christ-bearer. Said he: «God made me the messenger of the new heaven and the new earth of which He spoke in the Apocalypse of John, after having spoken of it by the mouth of Isaiah, and He showed me the spot where to find it.

* * * In the execution of my western enterprise to India, human reason, mathematics and charts availed me nothing. The design was simply accomplished as the prophet Isaiah predicted. Before the end of the world all the prophecies must be fulfilled, the Gospel preached all over the earth and the holy city restored to the church.»

Such was his testimony. His mission was the fulfillment of prophecy uttered ages before; and to him must be given the honor for bringing about the realization of the dream of the ancients. On his journey he must have sung with Culci:*

Know that this theory is false; his bark the
Daring mariner shall urge far o'er
The western wave, a smooth and level plain,
Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.

Man was in ancient days of grosser mould
And Hercules might blush to learn how far
Beyond the limits he had vainly set
The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.

Men shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common center all things tend;
So earth, by curious mystery divine,
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.

At our antipodes are cities, states,
And thronged empires ne'er divined of yore.
But see the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light.

Levi Edgar Young.

* A noted Italian poet of the 15th Century.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE MYSTERY OF MODERN TIMES, AND WHY A MYSTERY.

WHAT the outside world have always regarded as a great mystery connected with the Latter-day Saints, is no mystery at all to those who are able to see and understand it. We refer to their union, their love for each other, their obedience to their leaders, their devotion to the principles they have accepted. In all ages of the world and in every sect or creed that ever found followers, there were some people who possessed and showed in a high degree the qualities above mentioned. But what is peculiar and unusual so far as concerns the Latter-day Saints is that not only *some* of them, or a *few* of them, show these traits, but that *all* of them do so. Every Latter-day Saint who is living his religion and who is worthy of the name, feels in his heart and manifests in his action the qualities we have named. And when in a community numbering thousands and tens of thousands there is a general and universal display of union, love, obedience and devotion, the sight is so uncommon and so amazing that the world stands surprised and mystified at the wonder of it.

Take for illustration the gathering. Not alone those reared and nurtured in the faith, and who by reason of bitter experience preferred to venture their lot in the savage wilds, rather than stay to suffer at the hands of savage mobs—not alone these, who braved the perils of the wilderness and set themselves gladly down in the desert! No; there were other men and women, from gray-headed sires to delicate youth, who, having heard the sound of the Gospel in their native lands far beyond the sea, were converted to its truths—these also came trooping up to the Zion in the mountain tops. The trials and dangers of the journey were all new to them, the experiences as strange and unexpected as to a visitor from another sphere! Was there

complaining or disappointment? Yes, possibly; for few, if any, were able to see the end from the beginning—and all were human. But was there thought of irresolution or retreat? Never! With courage undaunted, with hope undismayed, the clerk and the factory-hand, the weak and the strong, the lowly and the lofty, all pushed forward in faith, and grappled successfully with trials which under other circumstances would have stunned and conquered them. If the first companies to Utah—the Pioneers and their immediate followers—were a marvel to the world, the foreign immigration as it wearily plodded across the Plains was scarcely less so!

We might mention the missionary spirit as illustrating also this same idea: how men of all ages and conditions and circumstances in this Church have been and are willing at the proper call to drop everything else and go out without hope of earthly reward, leaving home, and loved ones, and business, to preach an unpopular Gospel to a hard and unsympathetic world. Other ages and creeds have had their philanthropists and their martyrs, or those who were willing to become such. It is reserved to this age, however, and to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, to exhibit a community where *every* soul has this willingness; where from first to last, from oldest to youngest in the Priesthood and ministry, every one stands thus ready and willing to accept the call and perform the labor required. Mankind marvel at this, and well may wonder be excited by it; for it is without parallel in the accepted history of religion.

Now, what is the explanation of it all? Is it because the people called Latter-day Saints are spiritless and servile? Is it because they permit themselves blindly to be dominated by any man or set of men, and choke out every manly and independent thought in themselves? Is it because in them servility is coupled with cowardice or with fanaticism? No, none of these. It is because they are

led by the Spirit of the living God, which is the same whether in America or Europe or on the isles of the sea. This it is that binds them together in ties closer even than those of blood. This it is that makes them one; that makes them love one another; that makes them obedient to the counsel of their leaders—not slavishly obedient, but proudly and bravely obedient because of the consciousness in their own hearts that the counsel is right, and comes from on high; that makes them willing to go to any part of the earth—or to death itself, if need be—for the testimony of the truth. The spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, does all this for the people called Latter-day Saints. But the world, not being able to understand that Spirit, call its effects singular, and the work which it identifies they call mysterious! To those who enjoy it, and who comprehend its operations, there is nothing strange about it. Is it not remarkable that what is so plain and easily understood by some, should be so obscure and so mysterious to others?

STAKE PRESIDENTS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL MATTERS

WE are asked the question, «What jurisdiction has the president of a stake over the Sunday Schools in his stake; and if any, to what extent should he interfere with the Sunday Schools by withdrawing workers therefrom?»

In reply to the first part of this question, we say the president of the stake has entire jurisdiction over every organization in his stake, Sunday Schools included.

But a judicious president of a stake will not withdraw workers from the Sunday Schools to make any changes therein, without consulting the stake superintendent of Sunday Schools and the local superintendent. In such matters there should be perfect harmony of action. The bishop of a ward and the president of a stake, having the welfare of the children at heart, will not arbitrarily remove workers from the Sunday School or do anything that would cripple its usefulness. They will honor the man or men in charge of the Sunday Schools in their callings by speaking to them concerning any changes to be made, as they would like to be honored in the positions they themselves occupy.

READING MATTER NOT THEOLOGICAL.

WE are also asked: «To what extent should choice reading matter, not theological, be introduced into Sunday Schools?»

The time of the Sunday Schools is so limited that we scarcely think it would be prudent to introduce reading matter, however choice, which does not throw light upon the principles of our religion. The Sunday School is designed for religious teaching solely. To occupy the time with other reading would not be proper. The sessions of the Sunday School are so brief, and the opportunities for teaching the children so limited, that religion classes have been instituted so that our children may have larger opportunities of becoming instructed in the principles of our religion.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

PERPETUATING THE OLD MORMON EMIGRANT TRAIL.

IN the columns of this journal it has been more than once pointed out how closely the first great railroad to cross

the continent and unite with bands of steel the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, followed the trail of the Pioneers and the early Mormon immigration from the Missouri River to the heart of the Rocky Mountains. If those original travelers had been the advanced guard

or the pioneer surveying expedition of the future railroad, they could scarcely have blazed with greater accuracy the way to be followed later by the iron horse. Still more remarkable is it that in some of the instances where the Mormon wagon road was departed from, recent surveys for the improvement of the line and grade of the railroad go back to the original trail, as being better and more direct. The subject possesses an interest almost romantic, and it has received deep attention from every thinking and observing traveler.

New interest in the matter is being aroused by the recent agitation of a project to construct a first class wagon road from the Atlantic seaboard to the bay of San Francisco. It is not expected of course that many people will want to make the entire journey from coast to coast by team along the proposed road; but it is insisted that even though it may run parallel to the railway line, there is not a mile of it but will be much used by those who wish to make short drives between main stations, or from one shipping or commercial center to another. Besides this, it is claimed that many who belong to the vast army of bicycle riders would hail the proposed road with delight, and would make extensive use of it during its entire length. Indeed, it is the influence and support of the cyclists which are mainly relied upon to render the success of the project sure. Owners and believers in the new vehicle, the automobile, may also be expected to take a lively interest in the scheme, as they would probably be among its chief patrons.

This great highway as now planned is to traverse hundreds of miles of the exact route followed by the Mormon emigrants of the fifties and sixties, with hardly so much as the variation of a hundred yards from that early line. Of course towns have sprung up, and townships and farms have been enclosed, along the trail, making slight detours necessary here and there. In the main, however,

the new road will follow the old as nearly as the lapse of time and the changes in the face of nature will permit, and to all intents and purposes the routes will be the same.

It will be a strange sight to see a long procession of the swift and silent wheels of steel, the bicycles, speeding along the course once traveled by the plodding oxen with their lumbering, creaking wagons, and the gaily modern-garbed riders pedaling smartly over the plains so wearily walked by Utah's early settlers half a century ago. More novel and wonderful still will be the experience that may come to some of those who pushed their hand-carts—the horseless carriage of that day—all the way «from the Bluffs to the Valley» in the later fifties, if along this new highway they may spin lightly in their luxurious horseless carriages of the present, pointing out mayhap to wondering grandchildren that at this point they lay down with bleeding feet and sorrow-laden heart, overcome with exhaustion and despair, while on that knoll they dug a rude grave and laid away a loved one to whom the exposure and fatigue of the long journey had proven too severe! Verily, times have changed in the half century last past; and nowhere is the change more apparent than in the conditions and circumstances of the one-time trackless Plains and their travelers, and the then Great American Desert and its courageous colonizers.



WE OWE TWO FRENCHMEN FOR «E PLURIBUS
UNUM.»

EVERY reader knows that the motto on the great seal of the United States, and also the motto on some of our coinage, is the Latin phrase, *E Pluribus Unum*. This means «One [made] of Many,» indicating the union of many colonies into one federation; though it is frequently and very naturally explained as «One [chosen] out of Many»—this interpretation implying something rather boastful by way of comparison with other nations—a trait quite common with many Ameri-

cans in this as well as in earlier times. But whatever may be the literal meaning of the motto, and the thought which the fathers had in adopting it, the fact remains that it was not an entirely happy selection, for it is at least ambiguous, besides being unbeautiful and uninspiring.

Some degree of interest has lately been aroused in the subject by a study of the history of the method and cause of the selection of the motto. The very day the Continental Congress adopted the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, other and lesser matters of importance were attended to by that historic body. As if realizing that by their Declaration a new nation was born into the world, the founders proceeded at once to take steps with reference to a national seal. The records of the occasion show that on that day a resolution was adopted to the effect that «Dr. Franklin, Mr. J. Adams and Mr. Jefferson be a committee to prepare a device for a seal for the United States of America.» The correspondence of this «Mr. J. Adams,» who subsequently became the second President of the United States, informs us that Dr. Franklin favored as a device, «Moses lifting up his wand and dividing the Red Sea, and Pharaoh in his chariot overwhelmed with the waters; this motto: (Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.)» This spirited suggestion was hardly surpassed in its religious aspect by the recommendation of Jefferson—the children of Israel led in the wilderness by the fiery, cloudy pillar—with this singular addition: «on the back, Hengist and Horsa, the Saxon chiefs from whom we claim the honor of being descended»! From one so democratic and so much of a scoffer against pride of descent as Jefferson was, from one, too, who at times was inclined

to agnosticism, this whole idea is amusing. Adams went back to mythology for his suggestion, and thought the proper thing would be «The choice of Hercules.» He it was, however, who persuaded his colleagues on the committee to join in requesting a French artist for a full design, and this, when submitted, was unanimously accepted, *E Pluribus Unum* and all. It is a curious fact that this phrase had first appeared in print on the title page of a London magazine edited by a Huguenot exile. It is therefore to two Frenchmen that we are indebted for being fastened perpetually to a motto which may be given any one of two or three meanings, and has neither sentiment, euphony nor inspiration.

Generally speaking, little is gained by using foreign words or phrases, especially those of dead languages, in written or uttered speech. With many it is quite a habit. They seem to think it gives them an air of learning, at least to the extent of familiarity with other tongues. But what they may gain in this respect, they lose in another; for with a vernacular so rich and expressive as ours, the writer who feels under the necessity of resorting to other languages for clauses and words to make his meaning plain, only indicates a lack of acquaintance with his own. Furthermore, the interlarding of plain English with Latin, Greek or any other tongue, more often betrays shallowness than depth of learning; for the real student can recall scores of cases where those who indulge the habit most, are guilty of the most absurd and ridiculous mistakes. It is a custom which, though the example was set by the fathers, is nevertheless more honored in the breach than the observance.

The Editor.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

FAVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

XIV.

«To the West, to the West!» was theme of their song,

As weary and footsore they journeyed along,

O'er rivers and sterile plains;

Those pilgrim exiles, the «Pioneers,»

With all their burdens and cares and tears,

They sang, and in lofty strains,

Their praises rang out on the silent air,

For they knew their God and His peace were there.

They sang of the faith which had made them strong,

Of hope and charity, and their song

Was one that the Lord might hear;

Leaving the world with its hard, rough ways,

They sang of the future's brighter days,

With gratitude, love and cheer.

And the song of their hearts was an earnest prayer,

For God and His angels and peace were there.

Having vacated his house, which he had sold, Brother Kane with his family commenced life on the camp ground, as the company was not ready to start.

The next day or two Brother Kane spent helping several widows to get their things on to the camp ground, and assisting the brethren in organizing the company. On the 11th they started to travel.

That day they had to climb a long, steep hill. They doubled teams and took one up, then returned with teams for the other wagon. Norman, their young neighbor, was helping them off; he hooked up and forgot to put the chain through the iron on the tongue of the wagon. When part way up the hill, the tongue dropped and the wagon went

rolling backward down, down, down! at a rapid rate.

What the feelings of Brother and Sister Kane must have been can scarcely be imagined, for two of their children, Nellie and Lillie, were in the wagon, which was loaded with boxes and goods of different kinds. The road being full of ruts and stumps, was very rough; and as the little girls were bounced and batted about among the boxes, Nellie threw her arms around her baby sister to shield her as much as possible from being bruised and hurt.

«Oh, Nellie! do you think we are going to be killed?» Lillie asked.

«I don't know, dear, but if we are, we will go together,» said Nellie heroically.

And Nellie almost felt a satisfaction in the thought that if they were to be killed, it was herself and not one of the other children who was taking care of Lillie at the time, so great was her love for her little sister.

Today it is a pleasant curiosity, and is becoming a not infrequent thing, to see the «automobile,» with smiling occupants and no apparent assistance, gliding along the street. But its course and motion are controlled by the power of man.

Very different was that fast ride of Nellie's and Lillie's, nearly fifty years ago, as the wagon they were in went whizzing, twisting, bounding and leaping down the long, steep, jugged hill, beyond the reach of human power to guide or check its mad flight.

But, «God and His angels and peace were there.»

The wagon in its wild course down the hill was about to strike a huge stump which would have shattered it in pieces, and likely

have killed or injured the children, when fortunately the iron in the end of the tongue caught a snag in the road, which cramped the wagon in such a way that it soon stopped, having turned completely crosswise of the road.

The wagon was damaged some; the people who witnessed the «runaway» were badly frightened; and that snag was looked upon as a most providential interruption. The children escaped with only a few slight bruises.

The company camped that evening, and

wide, deep, dark river. A nail on the edge of the boat caught the hem of her dress, which prevented her sinking out of sight, and a brother by the name of Edwards reached down and lifted her out of the water. She was unhurt except strangled and frightened somewhat. But Rhoda and a dear kind-hearted girl who was called Satsie, cried over Lillie because of the accident, and agreed that some influence was trying to kill her, and that one or the other of them must keep hold of her after that. And many times, during the long, hot days that followed, as



AN EMIGRANT TRAIN.

the next morning drove to the ferry on the Missouri river before breakfast.

After a great many of the company were taken across, Brother Kane's turn came. The boat leaked and the water had to be bailed out all the time. There were many things to attract the attention of the children, and while the family were crossing, somehow three-year-old Lillie fell overboard into the

the company journeyed over the great desert, when Lillie would cry because the sand burnt her feet, and still she did not want to ride when all the others were walking, Satsie and Rhoda would take turns carrying her. And often Favie carried her and drove his team at the same time. Or he would place the little one upon the broad back of one of his oxen and let her ride there.

One day it seemed as though the sun was more terribly hot than usual. And in the afternoon, all of a sudden a fierce thunder-storm came on, and the company had to stop and unyoke their oxen and tie them to the wagons to prevent their running off.

Sister Kane climbed into one of their wagons, and under its cover, with her children crowded in around her, sat watching and listening to the storm. A deafening clap of thunder and a blinding flash of lightning came very near to them, and as it cleared away, they saw that it had struck and killed a large bull which was fastened to the back of a wagon only a few steps from their own.

Favie, who was out with the men herding the loose cattle, ran to the wagon to see if any of the family were hurt, and found them only shocked and pale. The company all felt thankful that it was an animal and not a human being that had been struck.

After awhile the storm passed over and the teams were again hitched up and a short drive was made before the company camped for the night.

The evenings were usually welcome, restful times for those weary travelers. The evening meal was enjoyed with greater relish than that of the morning or mid-day, for it could be eaten more leisurely, and pleasant chat could be carried on while it was partaken of. But in the morning it was necessary to hasten all preparations for the day's journey, that they might go as far as possible before the sun had risen high and made the air and ground so fearfully hot.

And by noon the sun would beat down upon them with such force that to sit or lie in whatever shade they could find, seemed better than to eat.

A boy about Favie's age, who drove a team just back of his, lay down under the wagon during the noon rest one day, and went to sleep. And so fatigued was he that he slept on, no one noticing him, when the teams were again hitched up and ready to travel. They started, and William, (that was the name of the poor boy,) slept on; the wheel of his heavily loaded wagon passed over his body and killed him. There was great sorrow in the camp over that sad death. But the only thing that could be done was to dig a grave, make a coffin out of some goods boxes, hold very short funeral services, bury the dead, and leave him there.

The camping for evening was generally interesting; the wagons being so arranged as to form a circle. The fires were kindled by some of the people, while the others unyoked the oxen, or hunted up fuel of any kind that could be found, to help cook their supper.

Favie was a great hand for pancakes, «flap-jacks,» he used to call them; and he had learned in some way how to «flap» the cakes over when they needed turning. Satsie could not do it, nor Rhoda, nor any of the girls; they had to have a knife to turn the cakes. But Favie would catch hold of the handle of the frying-pan, give it a little shake and a toss, and over would go the cake so slick and so quick that all hands were amused at the action.

After supper, there would be singing, always of a comforting and cheerful nature. The young woman, Satsie, was from Wales, and would sometimes do her part towards helping to entertain by singing a Welsh song or hymn. That would please the young people very much.

Satsie was a great favorite in the Kane

family. She had come to them in Kanesville, during the time of their sore affliction, when the dreadful sickness of which you have been told was upon them. And she had been so faithful and kind that she was now regarded almost like one of their very own household.

L. L. Greene Richards.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

I'll tell you how the leaves came down:
The great tree to his children said,
«You're getting sleepy now, Yellow and
Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.»

«Ah!» begged each silly, pouting leaf,
«Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away.»

So, just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering, all their sports among.

«Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax and fret.»
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

«Come children, all to bed!» he cried—
And ere the leaves could urge their
prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,

Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and
warm.

* * * * *

The great bare tree looked down and smiled.
«Good night, dear little leaves,» he said,
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, «Good night,» and murmured,
«It is so nice to go to bed.»

—*Selected.*



TO THE LETTER-BOX.

ST. JOHN, IDAHO.

I have been interested in reading the letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and thought I would like to write one. I am thankful to say that I am a Mormon girl, for I was baptized the day that I was eight years old. I believe the Gospel to be true, for Papa and Mama have taught it to me. I know for myself that there is a God, for I have been taught to pray to Him, and I have done so, and had my prayers answered. I have been healed through the power of His Holy Priesthood. I like to go to Sunday School and Primary, for there we are taught to serve the Lord, and so many good things.

Your new friend,

NORA HARRISON. Aged 9.



EAST JORDAN.

I like to read the little letters, and I thought I would write one.

I like to go to Sunday School; we have a nice Primary, and we all love our president very much. I go to school and I am in the third grade B class. I am seven years old. My oldest brother is teaching school in Colo-

rado, and the next is on a mission in Brooklyn. I have four brothers and three sisters. This is all for this time.

CLARISSA GOFF.



NEELYVILLE, IDAHO.

I like to read the letters in the JUVENILE, and will try and write one. I go to Sunday School and Primary. I try to learn all I can. My Papa is on a mission. I have three brothers.

Your new friend,

VIOLET WOOD. Aged 6.



MONROE.

I am a little boy, and was six years old on the 13th of May, 1900. I love to go to Sunday School where my teachers are very kind to us, and I love them all. I have a sister four years old and a baby brother. Both are so sweet. I also have a papa and mama, grandpas and grandmas, and uncles and aunts.

JAMES CLARENCE WILLIAMS.



EPHRAIM, UTAH.

I will tell you how my sister was saved. She was very sick and there were not many hopeful words said. She was very low. We

sent for the Elders and when they had prayed for her she got better. She is twenty years old now while I am only twelve; but she has told me about it many times. I read the JUVENILE very much, and like every piece in it. I wait very anxiously for the next number. We take it. We live in a nice home. We have a beautiful lawn and flower beds, apple trees and pretty winding walks. I am very thankful for our comfort. We have a piano and there is music all the time. Hoping to see this in print, I remain

Your new friend, .

HAZEL DORIUS.



EPHRAIM, UTAH.

On December 5th I will be eleven years old. I love to read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I have a baby brother, who is five weeks old. We think he is the cunningest little thing we ever have seen. At one time my Mama was very sick and we called the Elders to administer to her and she soon got well again. I feel that the Lord had blest her. I go to Primary, Sunday School and day school. I have three teachers and like them very much. I will close, hoping to see my letter printed in the JUVENILE.

Your new friend,

KATY OLSON.

MY NATIVE LAND, FAREWELL!

(Harmon. C. M. D.)

WORDS BY W. W. PHELPS.

MUSIC ARRANGED BY T. C. GRIGGS.

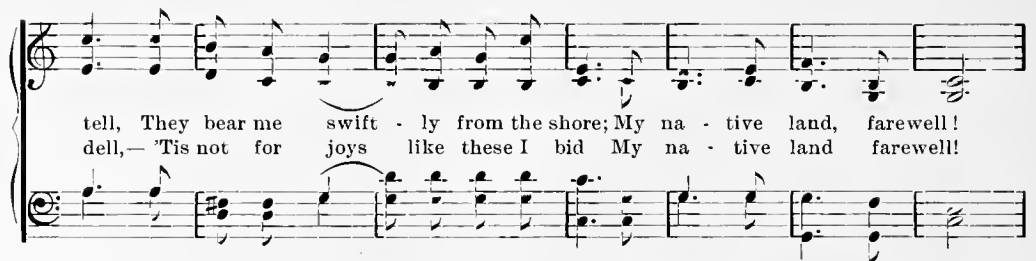
1. The gallant ship is under weigh To bear me off to sea, And
 2. I go, but not to plow the main To ease a restless mind; Nor



yonder floats the streamer gay That says she waits for me.
yet to toil on battle's plain, The vic - tor's wreath to find.



The seamen dip the ready oar, As rip - pled waves oft
'Tis not for treasures that are hid In mountain or in



tell, They bear me swift - ly from the shore; My na - tive land, farewell!
dell, — 'Tis not for joys like these I bid My na - tive land farewell!



My native land, my native land, my native land fare - well!
My native land, my native land, my native land fare - well!

3 I go to break the fowler's snare,
To gather Israel home;
I go the name of Christ to bear
To lands and isles unknown.
And soon my pilgrim feet shall tread
On land where errors dwell,
Whence light and truth have long since
fled, —
My native land farewell.

4 I go, an erring child of dust,
Ten thousand foes among;
Yet on His mighty arm I trust,
Who makes the feeble strong.
My sun, my shield, forever nigh,
He will my fears dispel:
This hope supports me when I sigh,
My native land, farewell!

5 I go devoted to His cause,
And to His will resigned;
His presence will supply the loss
Of all I leave behind.
His promise cheers the sinking heart,
And lights the darkest cell, —
To exiled pilgrims grace imparts;
My native land, farewell.

6 I go, — it is my Master's call;
He's made my duty plain;
No danger can the heart appal
When Jesus stoops to reign.
And now the vessel's side we've made,
The sails their bosoms swell,
Thy beauties in the distance fade;
My native land, farewell!

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH OF
JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

A GENTLEMAN residing in New England having requested some detailed information regarding the Sunday Schools of the Church, the following reply was sent him by the General Board. It is published as containing in a condensed form valuable information regarding the discipline, grading, etc., of our Sunday Schools:

The Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are presided over by a general superintendent and two assistant general superintendents, who have supervision over all the Sunday Schools of the Church. These superintendents are assisted in their duties by a board, known as the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union. This Board is of no fixed number, but at present consists of fifteen members (including the general superintendents) and seven aids. The Union has also a secretary, treasurer, business manager, and stenographer. Its regular meetings are held on the Thursday afternoon of each week.

The Church is ecclesiastically divided into "Stakes of Zion;" each stake being, as a rule, co-extensive with the county. Each of these stakes has a Sunday School superintendency of three (a stake superintendent and two assistants) and a stake secretary, treasurer, librarian, etc., and in the larger and more populous stakes, several aids, or Sunday School missionaries. The stake superintendency has general oversight over all the Sunday Schools in the stake, and its members are (as are also their associate officers) expected to visit the various schools as often as possible. Once a year in each stake a stake Sunday School conference is held, at which representatives from all the schools are expected to be present, and also visitors from the general board. These conferences generally last two days, Saturday and Sun-

day. The first meeting is held at 9 a. m. on Saturday. It is simply composed of the visiting members of the general board, and the stake officers, and is principally devoted to the consideration of the program of the succeeding meetings and to a review of the general condition of the Sunday Schools in the stake. At 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. of both days, the general meetings of the conference are held. The services consist of reports from the stake superintendency and from the superintendents of the local schools, model class exercises by different schools, voting to sustain the Church and Sunday School officers, concert recitations (as of the Lord's Prayer or the Ten Commandments) by all the children and officers present, and instructions by the general board and others. Between the morning and afternoon meetings on Sunday, a teachers' meeting is held. This is largely devoted to the consideration of questions presented by the teachers and officers on school conduct and discipline. These conferences tend to consolidate and unify the schools of the stake.

Each Sunday School, when fully organized, has a superintendent, a first and second assistant superintendent, a secretary, treasurer, librarian, chorister and organist. In the larger schools there are assistant officers. The schools, except the very small ones, are divided into four departments, known as the primary, first and second intermediate, and the theological or higher department. Many schools have also an infant or kindergarten class, while some have a normal department for the training of teachers. In the larger schools the departments are often divided into two or more sections. Each department has one head teacher, and as many associate teachers as are found desirable. When a department is divided into sections, the sections all study the same lessons, and are all subject to the head department teacher. The instructions in the infant and primary

classes are almost entirely oral; scripture narratives and moral stories are much in vogue. Bible picture charts are also largely used in these classes, as also in the intermediate grades. In the intermediate and higher grades, the Bible and other standard works of the Church are the text-books. Leaflets on Bible and Church history, and on doctrine and principle, specially prepared by the Union Board, are likewise largely used. Recitations of scripture in concert by the whole school are also encouraged, and much attention is given to the singing. Several editions of hymn books (some with, and some without the music) composed largely of original words and music, have been published by the Union Board. The *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, edited and published by the General Superintendent (Honorable George Q. Cannon) in Salt Lake City, is the acknowledged organ of the Sunday Schools.

Twice a year, early in April and October, a general conference of Sunday School workers convenes in Salt Lake City. This is made possible by the fact that the Church at those times holds its semi-annual conferences, and one or more meetings of Sunday School workers are held during the continuance of the general conference. These conferences are devoted to general instructions and the consideration of statistical, financial and business reports.

The offices of the Union Board are in the Templeton Building, South Temple Street, Salt Lake City. In connection therewith are a library and reading rooms, which Sunday School workers are invited to consider their own and to use for reading and correspondence.

The literary work of the Union is done without monetary compensation, and the time of the members of the Board consumed in visiting schools and conferences is donated; traveling expenses alone are allowed. The income of the Union is derived from the profits on its publications and from the "Nickel Donations." Once a year, the last Sunday

in October, every Sunday School attendant, scholar or officer, is expected to give five cents for the benefit of the general cause. Four-fifths of the amount thus collected are sent to the general Board and one fifth is retained by the stake officers, to meet their legitimate traveling and incidental expenses. The portion received by the general Board has been more than returned, year by year, to the schools, in donations of books, charts, leaflets, etc., largely to mission and small struggling schools in remote, newly-settled regions. For their individual support, the schools adopt such measures as their local conditions make most desirable, either the collection of donations from Church members, Sunday School entertainments, or excursions to the lakes and canyons.

Besides the schools in the forty-two stakes of Zion (comprised in the States of Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado and Nevada, and the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, in Alberta and in Old Mexico) there are comparatively numerous mission schools in the United States, Great Britain, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Armenia, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Tahiti, the Tuamutu group, Samoa and Hawaii. The enrollment of the majority of these schools is small, but the number of the schools is rapidly increasing. The home schools, with but few exceptions, meet at 10 o'clock a. m. and dismiss between half past eleven and noon. In many schools a teachers' and officers' prayer meeting is held preliminary to the opening of the school. Regular teachers' meetings are held once a month, usually on the first Sunday at the close of the school session. Department teachers' meetings are held once a week, at which the lessons for the succeeding Sunday are studied, and the work of the various department teachers for that day assigned them.

The order of the exercises in the school is practically as follows:

1. Teachers' roll-call.
2. Opening hymn.

3. Prayer.
4. Hymn.
5. The reading and acceptance of the minutes of the previous school.
6. The administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, preceded by half a minute's silent drill.
7. Brief instructions in harmony with this ordinance, or the singing of a hymn.
8. Recitation in concert by the whole school, (the Ten Commandments as an example.)
9. Class exercises.
10. Ten minutes singing practice.
11. Brief talks by visitors, if any, or instructions by the school officers.
12. Closing hymn.
13. Benediction.

Occasionally a short program—suitable songs or recitations by the scholars, is given before the closing instructions by the superintendent. The last Sunday in February is observed as «Humane Day.»

In November, 1898, the first convention of the Sunday Schools of the Church was held. It convened in Salt Lake City, and was a marked success. The attendance of delegates was unexpectedly large and from widely removed districts. So satisfactory were the results, that it is probable that like conventions will be called every other year. The second is announced for November, 1900.



CIRCULAR CONCERNING THE FORTHCOMING SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

SALT LAKE CITY,

October 22, 1900.

To Ward Sunday School Superintendencies:

DEAR BRETHREN:—The second Convention of the Sunday Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will be held in the Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, Monday and Tuesday, November 12th and 13th, 1900.

On Sunday morning, November 11th, the visiting Stake officers, superintendencies of schools, secretaries and other officers, will

meet with the members of the Board at 10 o'clock at the Salt Lake Theatre to talk over Sunday School business; at two o'clock all Sunday School workers will meet in the Tabernacle, when they will be addressed by members of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles on subjects connected with our Sunday School interests; in the evening the visitors will be at liberty to attend any of the ward meetings as will best suit their convenience and choice.

The first Sunday School Convention was, by the blessing of the Lord, a great success, and we believe the second one will not be less interesting; but it will require the earnest assistance of every Sunday School worker to secure the desired results.

To this second convention we now take pleasure in inviting you personally. Your school is entitled to representation, and if you cannot be present we earnestly hope you will at once select at least two delegates who can be present on the occasion.

If you have not already done so, kindly forward immediately the number and names of delegates who will probably attend from your Sunday School, so that we may know how many tickets of admission to issue and how many badges to supply. The delegates should be properly accredited, and are requested to each bring a copy of the Deseret Sunday School Union Song Book to assist in the song services; and be prepared to recite with the convention in concert the Articles of Faith. On their arrival in this city they should report to Sunday School headquarters No. 401-2-8 Templeton Building, where they will receive badges and tickets of admission to the convention.

Arrangements have been made with the railroads to carry those coming to the convention at one fare for the round trip, as follows: Ogden and Payson and intermediate points, selling dates November 10th and 11th; Tintic and all other points south of Payson, 9th and 10th; Minidoka, Market Lake, St. Anthony, and all Idaho points east of

McCammon, selling dates 9th and 10th; Sanpete and Sevier, 9th and 10th; Wyoming points and Park City, 9th and 10th; final limit on all tickets, November 15th. Names of delegates from Arizona, Colorado, Mexico and points not covered in this schedule must be sent in immediately, in order to arrange for transportation.

Your Brethren,

GEORGE REYNOLDS,

JOSEPH W. SUMMERHAYS,

GEORGE D. PYPER,

General Committee.



THE CARE OF SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION LEAFLETS.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH,

September 20, 1900.

To the Editor of the Deseret Sunday School Union Department:

DEAR BROTHER:—We see by your issue of September 1st that suggestions for the care of the Deseret Sunday School Union Leaflets are called for; and, as the Twenty-first Ward Sunday School, with others, are requested to speak upon the subject, we beg to explain in brief our method of caring for this property, and will be very pleased to hear from others on the same, as we realize that improvement is always in order.

In one of our bookcases we have compartments made of a depth and breadth suitable for the largest leaflets and sufficient in number to reserve one for all Leaflets published on any one subject. These compartments are arranged in two rows and each numbered. The top row we have reserved for Bible subjects. The bottom row for Book of Mormon and various miscellaneous subjects. Commencing with the first compartment to the left, No. 8, in the upper row, we have placed in it all Leaflets on the «Life of Christ,» Nos. 1 to 31, arranging them in numerical order with No. 1 on the bottom, and divided each set of Leaflets with a strip of stiff paper, across the end of which is written the number of the

Leaflets immediately under it. This slip is allowed to project in order that the number may be seen without removing, and any Leaflet wanted located readily. The Leaflets on the next Bible subject taken up, that of the «Creation,» Nos. 32 to 39, are consigned to the next compartment to the right, No. 9, and are arranged in a similar manner, from the lowest number on the bottom to the highest on the top, divided as above, and so on with all Bible subjects as they are received.

The Book of Mormon and miscellaneous subjects are arranged in a like manner in the lower compartments, beginning at the first compartment to the left, No. 1. In it are placed all the Leaflets on the first subject taken up, that of the «Book of Mormon,» Nos. 40 to 48, and so on with all subjects placed in separate compartments, each arranged and separated in the same manner as the Bible subjects above.

In order that any Leaflet desired may be located without examining all in the several compartments, we have secured a catalogue from George Q. Cannon and Sons Co., in which is found the number of all Leaflets and the title of the lesson treated by each. Opposite the Leaflet number we place in red the number of the compartment in which it is found, thus enabling any person desirous of locating a Leaflet to do so very readily.

For convenience we use two compartments for Leaflets on the subjects under consideration by the various classes, taking them from the one as needed and placing them in the other when done with.

It may readily be seen that neither catalogue nor compartments are absolutely necessary for observing this order in the care of the Leaflets, but they can be arranged on shelves and listed, and if care is exercised in placing each number in its proper place after school each Sunday, just as good results may be realized.

Very respectfully,

Bertha O. Atkins,

Secretary Twenty-first Ward Sunday School.

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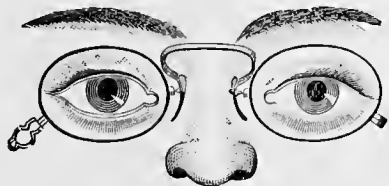
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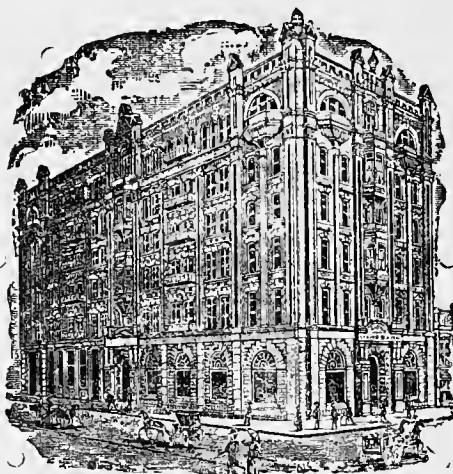
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CURRENT

TIME

TABLE.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east	8:30 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east	3:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East	8:20 p. m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Mantl, Belknap, and Intermediate points	7:50 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and Intermediate points	6:00 p. m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the West	11:00 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	1:00 p. m.
No. 5—For Ogden and the West	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City	8:00 a. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	9:30 a. m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	12:45 p. m.
No. 8—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east	10:50 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Mantl, Intermediate points	5:55 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	3:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	8:10 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and Intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City	6:45 p. m.

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